

## WOMAN AND HOME.

## VARIOUS ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MOTHER EVE'S DAUGHTERS.

**Tyranny of the Shoe—Concepts of Stationery—Gen. Custer's Wife—Cutting Dresses—Washington Society—Milksops—Farmer's Bath.**

(Minneapolis Household.)

The luxury of a bathroom can be afforded by only the comparative few who live in furnished or steam-heated dwellings. Bathing in cold rooms is always dangerous; and yet the farmers, mechanics and many others who are able to have few luxuries, can afford least of all to do without the comfort and refreshment of frequent bathing after toilsome days' work. The first means of resting is to make one's self clean. If more farmers realized this, not so many of them would leave the harvest field or threshing machine, covered with the sweat and dust of the day, eat a hasty supper and go to bed as soon as the chores are done, sleeping in the same soiled undergarments they have worn all day.

They always get up tired. Why? Resting consists of two processes—throwing off the effete matter of the body and assimilating a new supply of fresh material from the blood. Now when the farmer, or anybody else, goes to bed in the soiled underclothes of the day, with his skin covered with a thin coating of dust and perspiration, the system can't get rid of its effete matter, because the pores are clogged up; while the absorbents of the skin actually convey back into the system the poisonous matter once thrown off, but which has been allowed to remain on the skin and clothes. It should be the rule of all never to go to bed dirty. For morning bathing, cold water is the most invigorating; but the tepid bath is the right thing for the evening, when one is tired. And, unless one has a well-appointed bathroom in a furnace-heated house, we recommend the sponge bath as the quickest, neatest and most satisfactory method.

The thoughtful housewife who wants her family to bathe often, must make it convenient and comfortable for them to do so. In the summer it is a capital idea to curtain off one corner of the washroom for this purpose, laying down clean boards or bricks, and placing at hand a plentiful supply of towels, soap and water. In the winter curtain off a warm corner of the kitchen; place a square mat of oil cloth or bagging on the floor; hang on a peg a common tin bath tub, or have a large wash bowl on a corner shelf, and have ready a generous supply of towels, sponges, soap, combs, tooth and nail brushes, and a looking glass. When not in use, all these articles can be hung up, out of the way, and the curtain drawn aside, leaving the space free for ordinary purposes.

She who provides such a comfortable place, and supplies all needed conveniences for bathing, will have little trouble in teaching her family to keep clean, and they will find much rest and refreshment in doing so. She should also provide plenty of night-clothes for all, male and female, and see that no one wears the soiled day underclothes to sleep in. Air the night clothes by day, and the day clothes by night.

## The Tyranny of the Shoe.

(New York World.)

Large women, said a well-known artist and expert, must have feet that to be beautiful would be very ugly on a smaller woman. A No. 1 foot is to a large extent a female hallucination. It is to a much larger extent, perhaps, a female curse, for those who dare not undergo its miseries grow sadder and sadder to believe that they do, and fire cannot burn out of them the conviction that their shoes are No. 1. Nobody but the woman herself knows what tortures are undergone by the slave with a No. 2 foot who is chained to a No. 1 shoe. Professional women who exhibit their feet, of course, are more subject to this tyranny of the shoe than other women, and it may not be generally known that there are emotional and tragic actresses who, when all other means of simulating agony and awakening pity fail, rush to the No. 1 boot. They put that on and a sad, far-away look of unutterable despair comes into their eyes, nerving shadows play about their mouths, their chins quiver with unexpressed grief, their temples throb with indescribable woe. Then the spectators are moved.

And here it is worth while to remark, en passant, that the ballet dancer's foot, contrary to the popular notion, is not and can not be a small one. The development consequent upon continuous physical exercise settles the conventional idea of comeliness. A ballet dancer never wears a tight boot, and when she is dancing she wears shoes which are models of adaptability and freedom. But nevertheless the muscles and tendons of the foot are enlarged. The veins stand out, and there is a general appearance of strength rather than of beauty. All this may be obnoxious to the fastidious taste of the Greek sculptor, but there is really nothing repugnant to good sense in it. By the side of the ordinary society foot when bared to the light, the ballet dancer's is a thing of beauty. There is not one society belle in ten that dares to bathe at the seaside without hose on. Do you know why? Ask the No. 1 boot.

To find the classic foot in these degenerate days we shall have to look a long way. The peculiarity of the classic foot is the wide gap between the large toe and its neighbor. This in the Greek foot was undoubtedly caused by the thong of the sandal that came up between the toes and kept them apart. Mr. Sarceny in determining the fine points of a model's foot is said to have doubled up a ten-dollar bill compactly and inserted between the toes with the joosse remark that if it fell out it was the model's. And his experience is that it generally stays there until it is pulled.

The American women as a rule have smaller feet than the English women. But this is not altogether a matter of temperament. Habit is a large measure determines the size of the foot, as it will of the arms, and the English women use their feet far more than do the Americans.

## Art in Cutting Dresses.

(New York Express.)

"Cutting the fashionable dresses for ladies, with all the innumerable appanages connected therewith, is an art indeed, and it frequently requires years to become proficient," said a prominent Broadway instructor to a reporter. "I perfected 800 ladies last year. This year I may instruct as many more. Heretofore the business of cutting patterns for ladies' dresses has been confined to a few who have years of experience. Many ladies cut their own dresses, but the work is done in a slow, inaccurate and unscientific manner. Some guesses had to be made. The curves in the body, those outlines of beauty, which the garment should always

snugly fit, were the mere plaything of guess-work. For twenty-seven years I made cutting a study, and traveled through Ireland, France, England and the continent of Europe. In France I struck upon a new method—combination of squares. By it one lady in a week's time can learn to cut out, without any other about refitting, the most elaborate dress. I find the American ladies apt and decidedly of a mechanical turn of mind."

"What class of scholars do you generally have?"

"Every class. Ladies who simply want to be instructed for their own benefit, and those who expect either to teach it or go into some large millinery establishment. They come from Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, and, indeed, many of the other cities. They generally represent large firms, and come to learn the quick, simple and scientific method."

"Will this system have any effect upon the fashion of dressing in the United States?"

"In the end it is bound to do so. Look what it has done for France. The Parisians set the fashions for the world. Their clothes fit them. They are cut scientifically, and are not the patterns of guesswork such as I see examples of every day in the streets here. It is easier to cut correctly than otherwise when the system is once attained."

## Concepts in Stationery and Perfumes.

(New York Post.)

It is again the fashion to seal one's letters, and bangles with seals attached are among the newest devices in fancy jewelry. As for stationery, it grows more dainty each season, and some very quaint devices are used to head fashionable French note paper and envelopes. "Papyrus," a rough-edged stationery, undecorated, is considered the best form, and when sealed the packet looks in the best taste. But many people elect for fancy headings, and most ingenious are the efforts made to meet modern notions in this respect.

"Always at home" is one of the new devices. It represents a large small with its house on its back. Invitation cards show some design suggestive of the form of entertainment—a card in one corner, a party of musicians, apparently blowing great blasts of dainty music from trumpets, horns, and bugles; a dainty and aesthetic supper table, etc. Note paper headed by appropriate quotations from the poets is considered passe; still it is really more used than any other style of fancy stationery.

There seems to be a growing partiality among fashionable young ladies for delicate perfumes, and, provided the extracts are of the best quality and used with discretion, there is nothing to be said against the liking for sweet floral orders. Following the fashion set by the princess of Wales, who it was said elected for violet, it has become customary for ladies to select a certain perfume which they individualize, and among a coterie of intimate friends many a dainty mouchoir has been returned to the fair lady who has lost it simply by the mute yet subtle claim to ownership which was made through the faint suggestion of the perfume which "hung round it still," and was at once recognized.

Sachets of scented powder are often used in preference to the pungent extracts, many considering it more delicate and refined than when used in liquid form. A novel fancy is lately shown in the formation of foundation-bands of some plated neck ruchings, in which a little of the best sachet-powder had been introduced. The same perfume was also added to the bands of the lace rills which edged the tops of a box of Paris kid gloves of the Suede order. Orris-root perfumed with violet or heliotrope is the favorite sachet-powder.

## Gen. Custer's Wife in Dakota.

(Globe-Democrat Book Review.)

Like most people who have gained their knowledge of Indians in that direct and practical manner, Mrs. Custer does not appear to have found much in them or their way of life to be admired. She grants that under certain circumstances they can be brave, and even self-sacrificing, but they are fundamentally cruel and treacherous. Their enmity towards the white race is not only fixed and deadly, but essentially barbarous. They are not content with merely killing a white man, they delight to torture him to death by inches, and to tear the body apart and burn it afterwards. Their treatment of prisoners, especially women, is such as will not bear plain telling, and of course Mrs. Custer was in imminent fear always of falling into their hands.

"My danger in this connection," she says, "was twofold. I was in peril from death or capture by the savages, and liable to be killed by my own friends to prevent my capture. I had been a subject of conversation among the officers, being the only woman, who, as a rule, followed the regiment, and without discussing it much in my presence, the universal understanding was that any one having me in charge in an emergency where there was close danger of my capture should shoot me instantly."

More than once she found herself in a situation where it seemed to her this alternative would have to be executed to save her from a worse fate than death; but fortunately she always escaped at no more serious cost than a fright that left her limp and unconscious. After a certain experience of that kind, she says, the general thought she might rather not go with him in advance of the troops, but she insisted upon continuing to do so, not because she was so courageous, she readily admits, but because "it was infinitely worse to be left behind," imagining what may be happening to her husband.

## More Ugly Ornaments.

(London Times.)

It seems that we are threatened with an invasion of very ugly little ornaments. Pigs, mice and lizards were bad enough, and kittens' heads were not pretty, but now we are to have half-dressed chickens, and equally deplorable duckings of tinned eggs. Miniature squirrels, too, are in preparation for bonnet and muff adornment, and even little rabbits, nibbling at green satin cabbage. These are simply grotesque, considered as "fancings" for one's room, but I do hope that a companion rumor is untrue, which threatens to immolate poor little canaries on the same shrine. They are, says the many-tongued, to be stuffed and mounted on twisted wires, and then perched on the shoulder, or on the open bodice of a dinner dress. One lately seen carried in its poor, dear little dead beak a branch of leaves rendered in diamonds. A bunch of canaries was fastened on the skirt of the dress with which this was worn, so as to appear to be holding the folds of black lace together.

## Social Rank and Precedence.

(Washington Cor. New York Sun.)

The war which at one time seemed to be brewing over the question of rank and precedence among the ladies of the new administration has been postponed until next winter, owing to the intervention of the London

season, and afterwards to the lingering illness of ex-President Grant. The contending forces are the aristocracy, however, and the attempt by either to define the boundary lines would be as likely to bring on a general engagement as would a similar effort on the Afghan border by Russian or Briton.

The people of the land may not be aware that at this our republican court there is, and has always been, almost as fierce a contention as to the order of precedence among the ladies of officeholders on social occasions, and in the interchange of civilities, as there is among the dukes of high degree who languish or ussine amid the regal splendor of the effete monarchies of the eastern hemisphere. Yet, alas, such is the case. A venerable senator, who took his seat in the senate in 1851, and became one of its leaders, said to me a few days since: "It is wonderful, sir, how some women will push others aside in the struggle for social precedence. Why, sir, when I came to the senate I found the order among officials, carrying with it, of course, their ladies, to be as follows:

1. The president.
2. The vice president.
3. The speaker of the house of representatives.
4. The chief justice.
5. The senators.
6. The house of representatives.
7. The associate justices of the supreme court.
8. And last, the cabinet officers.

"By the Lord, sir," continued the old gentleman, warming up to his subject, "I never yielded a hair's breadth of the prerogative of the senate. My wife made no first calls on those below her on the list I have given you; and she never lacked first calls from them. We entertained a great deal, at a time when few did so, and every year of my service in the senate I gave Mrs. — (his wife) \$30,000 a year for that purpose. But before we left Washington the wives of Justice McLean, Chief Justice Taney, and most ingenious are the efforts made to meet modern notions in this respect."

## More Illustrations Than the Romanoffs.

(London Truth.)

The late czar's widow aims at becoming a lodestar of intellectual and artistic celebrities. Her circle embraces a sufficient number of ladies of quality, French and Italian, to give it the air of a court. General Gendreau predominates. They treat her as a muse of imperial pretensions and stand in awe drawing-room at a respectful distance, unless she shows that she wishes them to come nearer. De Lesspess, Renan, Caro, the Houssayes (father and son), Dumas fils, and eminent members of the Geographical society, of which her brother was a benefactor in 1876, are among her courtiers. Her complexion is soft and fair, her figure matronly, and her manners placid. In her own country she takes the most tender care, grow fast. Although the eldest is only 13, he is already a young giant. They are all called Jourievsky, a name held by some Russians to be more illustrious than that of Romanoff.

## Why Girls Detest Milksops.

(Cor. Louisville Commercial.)

I heard a pretty girl once say that she had been devotedly sought by young Mr. J. for four years. She was fond of him and admired him for his many excellent qualities, but she finally let him go because, as she put it, he never once had the courage to even squeeze her hand. To my knowledge there never was a purer or better girl than that one, but she was too full of mercury to ever wed a man who lacked the spirit to at least squeeze her hand in a loveable way. Real women, I protest, care nothing for milk-and-water men, nor do they always worship heroes; but, as I have said, if an intelligent man, with clean linen and clean teeth, will make a judicious combination of flattery and ardent devotion he can win any woman in the world who doesn't hate him for a cause in the beginning of the affair.

## The Fusillade of Gossip.

(Arlington Kan.) (Champion.)

Mrs. Helen I. Capel has withdrawn from the Pleasanton Observer. In her valedictory she says: As the editor and business manager of a newspaper my business is more with men than with women, and my work, to be done successfully, must be done as men do it. If I do not follow the beaten path the business must suffer. If I do my work like a man I am made the subject of such a continual fusillade of malicious gossip that I choose to abandon a profitable business rather than bear it any longer.

## Stains on Linen.

(Philadelphia Call.)

The stains on linen can be removed, but the quick process will be very apt to destroy the fabric. A slower, but better way, is to rub the stain on both sides with yellow soap. Mix starch and cold water to a thick paste and rub it well into the linen on both sides of the stain. Spread the linen on the grass, if possible, in the sun and wind till the stain disappears. If not entirely removed in two or three days rub off the paste and renew the process. Lemon juice added to the paste is good.

## A Hideoso Fancy.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

A "Lady Rambler" of St. Paul, Minn., writes thus of a barbarous fashion there: There seems to be a hideous fancy just now for decorating black bonnets with white beads. The designs are evidently symbolic, perhaps they are tokens of tribes, ranging from small wreaths of flowers to birds and animals of most unnatural appearance. One would imagine that somebody had been taking lessons from our Indian neighbors, did they not usually exhibit much taste and skill.

## Bleached Blondes Doomed.

(New York Star.)

Bleached hair is doomed, and the unfortunate who have lately acquired a growth will be accused of bad taste and considered out of the pale of fashionable society. Reddish blonde, known as Titian red, red browns and delicate auburn are in constant demand. Black and dark browns can easily be given the desired shade, but the bleached blondes will have to shingle off their faded crowns and grow a natural one, and meanwhile wear a wig or take advantage of the "jockey" method.

## Where a Woman Expects Too Much.

(Somerville Journal.)

Woman is herself a creature of intuition, as everybody will admit, but that's no reason why she should sail out on the street with a thick drab veil drawn over her face away down to her chin and then expect every male being of her acquaintance she meets to recognize her half a block away.

Philadelphia Call: A young man asks if it is unlucky to get married before breakfast. Not only lucky.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps: No man knows quite how to make a woman happy in the wisest way.

## THEATRICAL WARS.

## THE SIGNS OF A COMPLETE REVOLUTION IN THE PROFESSION.

**A Bad Season—The Prices of the Future. Amateurs Claiming Public Notice and Buying their Way. Sitting Out the Bad.**

(Special Correspondence.)

New York, April 30.—A well-known, experienced theatrical manager said lately to the writer: "We are now nearing the close of a season that, to the purveyors of amusements, has been the most disastrous since the one just prior to the war—and bad as it has been, the next season will be even worse."

"How can that be?" I asked. "Was not the depression in theatrical matters this season only owing to the presidential election and the long contest following it?"

"The presidential election years are always bad ones at the beginning for our business. But the election once over a reaction takes place. People rush to the theatres to obtain recreation after the great political strain is relaxed, and business is so good in the latter portion of the season that we are enabled to recoup our losses of the earlier. But this year no such after-boost has set us on our feet again. One reason is the prevalence of hard times all over the country. For others, that may pass away and next year be a prosperous one for all kinds of business, except ours."

"And why should not that resume prosperity along with the rest of business pursuits?"

"For the reason that the theatrical profession is undergoing a complete revolution, and in the financial shipwreck that is coming more will be lost than rescued. The causes date far back to when the sudden and sometimes almost fabulous fortunes made during the war created a love of luxury and a desire for splendor until then almost unknown in the simple annals of the American stage. Up to that period players had been content with artistic acting—the scenic surroundings being of little value—but the men predominated. They treated her as a muse of imperial pretensions and stand in awe drawing-room at a respectful distance, unless she shows that she wishes them to come nearer. De Lesspess, Renan, Caro, the Houssayes (father and son), Dumas fils, and eminent members of the Geographical society, of which her brother was a benefactor in 1876, are among her courtiers. Her complexion is soft and fair, her figure matronly, and her manners placid. In her own country she takes the most tender care, grow fast. Although the eldest is only 13, he is already a young giant. They are all called Jourievsky, a name held by some Russians to be more illustrious than that of Romanoff."

With this demand managers cannot comply and still pay the old-time exorbitant salaries to their artists and furnish the same magnificent stage appointments which now alone please and attract the public. What, then, remains for the managers to do? Few managers have made sufficient money in the past to enable them to cater to the public gratuitously—for that is about what reduced prices mean—and they must do that or close their doors. The managers of the Union Square theatre, both of them moneyed men, after vainly struggling to swim against the current, at length concluded to go with it, and lowered the admission to fifty cents, at the same time producing a play, "A Prisoner for Life," with as fine and costly scenic effects and stage appointments as was ever placed upon those boards. But even these availed little, and they relinquished the theatre. Evidently the manifest destiny of this honored temple of art is to revert to what it was originally—variety show theatre. The closing of the Union Square as a regular theatre leaves but two in the whole city of New York with stock companies, Wallack's and the Madison Square. It is to be hoped that there will always be enough wealthy people left in the metropolis to patronize these and prevent their crumbling to pieces in the general crash; but even this is to be doubted, for the world of society, once so prejudiced against and malvolent towards the theatre, has now become universally stagestruck, and private theatricals have contributed in some degree to the ruin of the regular theatre. Society people think they can act so much better than trained artists that they prefer to see each other perform in the parlor to witnessing finished renditions on the stage proper. And this is a growing evil, for amateur acting has become so much the rage that their performances are chronicled in the dramatic papers as regularly and almost as fully as those of the professionals themselves. And, to go a little more closely into this seemingly unimportant item of society performers, they have helped along at a furious rate the trouble that has been brewing ever since the war.

"How is that? Society people claim that their adoption of the stage has elevated it."

"Nonsense! No 'elevation' was required. Before their advent we were simply a community that lived by ourselves, caring little for the prejudice against our profession; but their intense and remorseless love of publicity has been the means of tearing every shred of privacy away from our lives, has deprived us of that mystery and romance which threw a glamour over all connected with the art of acting. For twenty years past every woman with much or little money who has been seized with a desire to show herself in public has bought her way into theatres."

"Bought?"

"Yes, bought; not perhaps in the strict sense of paying to be permitted to appear—though that is often done than for a woman's sake I care to state—but bought as a way into a theatre by acting for next to nothing, dressing in raiment and jewels fit for a queen and 'finishing' herself—thus pushing aside really good and deserving actresses who are dependent for livelihood on their salaries, and deprived of which they struggle for existence in the utmost penury. Nor can managers be blamed for availing themselves of the services of these rich women, for with their great expenses they are glad to get women who will costume, if they cannot act, the parts magnificently. The

overweening self-confidence of your society actress enables her to speak the lines allotted to her, and that's all that can be expected of a woman who dresses like the Queen of Sheba and gives her services into the bargain."

"Gives?"

"Gives, I said; for I know that many of these actresses play for almost incredibly small salaries—when, indeed, they receive any at all."

"About what do they receive weekly?"

"I know many of them whose names are prominent upon the programmes who get seven dollars, and others even as little as three dollars a week. I know of one case where a wealthy young woman, exceedingly vain of her not very prepossessing appearance, gave her services on condition of being assigned a part that had something to say. We found she could be trusted to speak only about a dozen lines, but every where we went she invariably received such laudatory notices from the press that one would have thought she was the star herself. Naturally the star began to complain. I thought I would look into the matter, and ascertained that her wage bills for treating persons connected with the press averaged forty dollars weekly! After that neither my star nor myself were surprised that the 'wonderfully beautiful and remarkably talented Miss Sniffle Snooks' received such high encomiums from the discriminating critics for her twelve lines. There is a general impression that Mrs. John Hoy, during her brilliant career at Wallack's, inaugurated the system of extravagant dressing, but this is not the case. The highest price she ever paid for the material of a dress was eighty dollars, to wear as Lady Teale. With the aid of a seamstress employed in the house Mrs. Hoy made all her stage wardrobes, and never wore anything more expensive than paste jewelry. Now nothing but diamonds will do for the merest tyro. Worth is the approved dressmaker, and a thousand dollars is not an extraordinary price for a single costume. How does Mrs. Hoy's modest eighty-dollar dress compare with that? But in the general revolution now going on in theatrical ranks the society actress will find her Nemesis. By society actress I do not mean only the well-connected woman, but all those who are not to the manner born."

"What will be her Nemesis?"

"There will be a general sifting out of the good from the bad in the sense of low prices. Only the competent will be retained, numbers will be reduced, and only those who really are worth their railroad fare will be kept in the combinations. These will be required to do the work, and the novice, or incapable amateur, will soon get sick of hard work and no pay, and so again the ranks will be open only to the deserving, and in this survival of the fittest the amateur will be forced into retirement, minus her money, and with the consciousness of having thrown away."

"That is Nemesis enough, surely."

"Managers foresaw at the beginning of this season that they would have to get down to hard pan in the matter of expenditure, and began the fight by trying to cut down salaries. Brooks and Dickinson inaugurated it, but the high-salaried actors were able to stand out, and preferred idleness to reduction. Never before have I known so many leading actors out of employment as this season. Many of them are already coming to managers' terms for next season. Those who will not soon find they are no longer in demand, for the bulk of the talent in the profession lies with the men—that is to say, there are more 'coming' actors than actresses. For the sake of the promotion, the now small fry, the 'little' people, will accept salaries that the important ones of to-day disdain, and another year or two will see an entire new crop of actors."

"Is the theatre of the future to be the dime museum?"

"No. But in my opinion in a couple of seasons more there will not be a regular theatre outside of New York city that will ask more than fifty cents admission, except in cases of very rare attraction."

"Have the dime museums and the skating rinks really hurt theatrical business so much as reported?"

"Not so much as is attributed to them. People have simply gone to them because they needed amusement and had no means to pay large prices for it. If they had not patronized those places, still they would not have gone to the theatres. The most surprised man in all the 'show' business this year has been the manager of the dime museum. His attractions have hitherto consisted of 'freaks' and 'variety performers,' and to find himself suddenly elevated into the position of a manager offering good theatrical entertainments has surprised him into getting what is technically called the 'big head.' Nor did he seek his proud eminence. When managers of theatres all over the country found that none but the highest class of performers would tempt the public, they were forced to draw the line of demarcation strictly at those, so that second class stars and combinations, finding they could get no 'dates' at the regular theatres, made a rush for the museums. They made money and spread the news; then, still other and better 'attractions' resolved to put their pride in their pocket along with the desired cash. The consequence has been that the dime museum manager has found a long queue of applicants waiting and storming him for dates. Wasn't that enough to give him the 'big head? He has picked and chosen and dictated the most humiliating terms to the poor manager of combinations. For instance, the rivalry between these museum men is so great that one will stipulate that no actor or actress who has ever appeared in the rival museum shall be allowed to appear in his. I know of several instances. Here is one: A manager who, with his company, had been laying off a week or two—for we have had to wait our turn for getting dates—noticed certain valued members of his company that he could not use their services in such a town. Demand was naturally made for a reason. 'Believe me,' the traveling manager says, 'I am as greatly annoyed as you are; but the manager of the museum in B. or C. has notified me that no one who has appeared at the other museum will be permitted to appear in his place, and you know you have played at the other place.' So you see he may

rightly be termed the autocrat of the dime museum. And professionals in rushing into the museums have naturally pushed out their former attractions, the 'variety' people, who in their turn have been forced into smaller places for less pay. Hordes of them—like the actors—have been unable to obtain any employment at all this winter and suffering has been great among them. Only the 'freaks' hold their own and get good prices—but even a vigorous wedding out has begun among them—only undoubted 'cards' can now get a chance in a show. Circassian girls have steadily declined in 'show' value. Barnum has no Circassian girl this year. His 'freaks' are very choice, as he has the pick of the whole world of monstrosities. Nor must it be supposed that no refined class of people patronize the ten-cent shows. At the Academy of Music, New York, now turned into a dime show, are to be seen gentlemen in swallowtail coats and ladies as well dressed as if for the opera. Perhaps the memories of the place have something to do towards keeping up its style. But it is a melancholy and pitiable indication of the decline of the drama to see this honored temple of art, so long trodden by the great singers and actors of the whole world, now given over to cloggies, banjoists and a host of other variety show people. And not only is the theatrical business undergoing a change financially, but in point of the entertainments offered to the public. The love of tragedy, beginning with Shakespeare's plays, is almost extinct. The 'old legitimate' no longer draws of itself, but requires such interpreters as Booth, Irving and Anderson to make it palatable to theatre-goers. And to jump to the opposite extreme in show life, negro minstrelsy will before long be a thing of the past. I can remember not many years ago that there was hardly a town of any importance in the country but had its troupe of colored minstrels and supported it liberally. In New York there were several settled troupes. They fell away from lack of patronage until only the old 'San Francisco Minstrel Troupe' was left. The death of Charlie Backus dispersed that, and no one has since thought there was money enough in the business to attempt to re-establish it."

"And what will be the outcome—the end of all this struggle between the manager and the employee—the public and the prices?"

"Three or four years of disturbance and distress, then a gradual settling back into something like the earlier days of the drama. Lower prices and less display, better acting, less meretricious, flimsy show. The struggle into which the theatrical profession is now entering will resemble a great, bloody and devastating war. Amid the heartrending carnage, we are forced to recognize that it possesses the sanguinary merit of sweeping off multitudes of *les invulnables*."

CELIA LOGAN.

## THE POISON TREE.

(William Blake.)

I was angry with my friend,  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end;  
I was angry with my foe,  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears,  
Night and morning with my tears,  
And I sunned it with smiles,  
And with soft deceitful wiles;

Till it grew both day and night,  
Till it bore an apple bright,  
And my foe beheld it shine,  
And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole,  
When the night had veiled the pole,  
In the morning glad I see  
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

## A Novel View.

(Chronicle "Undertones.")

Truth and falsehood are coequal. George Washington was phenomenal perhaps when he barked and cherry tree incident took place. But the more truth there is in a man the bigger his capacity for lying when he likes to let it out. The difference between a thoroughly truthful man and a big liar is entirely in the estimate of the expediency of the case. Some people are lucky enough to go through life without meeting with a predicament wherein it is advisable to lie. I have always believed that the man who will steal a dollar is a safe man to trust with millions. He estimates his crime by the amount he steals. The man who would not steal \$500 might get away with \$1,000,000, because he values the risk by the benefit he derives from it. But after all the chances anybody getting away with \$1,000,000 are very slight in San Francisco, for a few people have got away with most of the millions already.

## French "Liquid Rainbow."

(Cor. New Haven Register.)

Pousse-cafe is a drink of French origin, and the name cannot well be expressed in English. "Pousse" is from the verb "pousser," to push or drive out, while "cafe" is, of course, coffee; thus a pousse-cafe is literally a coffee-pusher. It is taken only after dinner and immediately follows the coffee, consequently it bears no relation whatever to the American "night-cap," which is taken just before retiring, or is the last drink of a night's carousal. In concocting a pousse-cafe four cordons are generally used—curacao, chartreuse, maraschino and anisette—one resting distinctly upon another and the whole topped by brandy, forming a beautiful combination and affording the illusion of a draught of liquid rainbow.

## Woman's Fortitude.

(Chicago Ledger.)

Woman—bless her bright eyes—can endure physical suffering with more fortitude than the strongest man, and she can miss a train without filling the depot with words that don't sound nice; but she can't pass a milliner's window or a hair store without stopping to feast her eyes and wondering why she didn't come to town with a gold spoon in her mouth.

## Good for the Eyes.

(Chicago Herald.)

A Nashville girl who has beautiful gray eyes occasionally makes them appear blue and black by wearing hats lined with dark blue velvet and eating lumps of sugar on which cologne has been dropped.

A novelty in Long Island farming, the present year will be the extensive cultivation of peanuts as an experiment.

It is stated that a queen bee, during the five years of her existence, lays about 1,000,000 eggs.

About \$10,000,000 worth of corsets were sold in the United States last year.